

Moderato

Chi-qui-ti-ta, tell me what's wrong,
truth,
down,



you're en-chained by your own sor-row,
I'm a shoul-der you can cry on,
and your love's a blown out candle,



in your all

your best is

eyes friend, gone

there is no hope for tomorrow,
I'm the one you must re-ly on,
and it seems too hard to handle,

How I hate to see you like
You were always sure of your-
Chi-qui-ti-ta, tell me the



this, self, truth,

there is no way
now I see you've
there is no way



C#m9



you can de-ny it, —
bro-ken a feath-er, —
you can de-ny it, —



A



D



E



E11

can

see
hope
see

that you're, oh,
we can patch
that you're, oh,

so

it

so



A



D/A

sad, so qui-et, —

up to-geth-er, —

sad, so qui-et, —



A

1.

Chi-qui-ti - ta, tell me the



A

2.3.

Chi-qui-ti - ta, you and I



D

know

how the heart-aches come and they go and the



A

scars they're leav- in'.



E



D



E



E11



A

You'll be danc- in' once a- gain —

and the plain

will end,

you will have no

time for griev- in'.



Chi-qui-ti-ta, you and I — cry

but the sun is still in the sky and

8

Re

shinin' a-bove you, — let me hear — you sing once more like you did be-fore, sing a new song,

La Mi Re Mi Mi

Chi-qui-ti-ta. — Try once more like you did be-

La Mi Re

fore, sing a new song. Chi-qui-ti-ta. — So the walls came tumb-ling —

Mi Mi La (Re) La

*Dal 3/4 al 4/4
poi segue*

Chi-qui-ti-ta, —

try once

La

more like you did be-fore, sing a new song, Chi-qui-ti-ta. —

rit. Mi Re Mi Mi La

(Strum. ad lib.)